

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Miss Pallas Endora Von Blurky. She didn't know chicken from turkey; High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak, but her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses, And the dates of the Wars of the Roses, And the reasons of things, why the Indians wore rings.

In their red, aboriginal noses.

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar, And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma"; And she went chipping rocks with a little black box And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education And the principal needs of the nation, And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky, And she talked with an emphasis jerky, And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;

But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Editor Housekeeper.—Among my recipes I select the following, hoping some of them may be of benefit to your readers:

FRIED BRAINS.—Soak in hot water a few minutes, when they can be cleansed readily, then cut into pieces, salt and pepper, dip in beaten eggs, roll in corn meal and fry.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—At this season of colds it may be useful to know that hoarseness is relieved by using the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

BREAD PUDDING.—Unfermented brown bread two ounces; milk half a pint; one egg; sugar quarter of an ounce. Cut the bread into slices and pour the milk over it, boiling hot; let it stand till well soaked and stir in the egg and sugar, well beaten, with a little grated nutmeg, and bake or steam for one hour.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Drain off liquor, boil, skim, and to a cupful add a cup of milk, two or three eggs, salt and pepper, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Have hot lard or beef drippings ready in a kettle, drop the batter in it with a large spoon, taking up an oyster for each spoonful. The oysters must be large and plump.

BATTER AND APPLES.—Pare and core six apples, and stew them for a short time with a little sugar; make a batter in the usual way, beat in the apples and pour the pudding into a buttered pie dish. The pudding, when properly done, should rise up quite light, with the apples on top. To be eaten at table with butter and moist sugar.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Take half teacup barley; four quarts cold water; bring to the boil and skim; put in now a neck of mutton and boil again for half an hour; skim well the sides also the pot; have ready two carrots, one large onion, one small head of cabbage, one bunch parsley, one sprig celery tops; chop all these fine; add your chopped vegetables, pepper and salt, to taste; take two hours to cook.

APPLE SAUCE PIE.—Take mellow, tart apples; pare, core and stew till the pulp is free from lumps, and mash fine. To every pint of the sauce add a teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and beat all together. Line a pie-tin with crust and fill in the sauce. Cut strips of pastry and decorate the pie. Bake in a moderately hot oven. When the crust is done the pie will be ready to remove from the oven. To be eaten warm with a dressing of sweet cream dipped over it.—*"Lamar," in "The Housekeeper."*

MACARONI WITH EGGS.—Break half a pound of macaroni into short bits; cook tender in boiling, salted water; drain well; put into a deep dish and pour over it a cupful of drawn butter in which have been stirred two beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, with salt and pepper. Loosen the macaroni to allow the sauce to penetrate the mass. Serve with more grated cheese.

TO FRY SALT PORK.—Cut into very thin slices and freshen by letting lie for an hour or more in cold milk or water; roll in flour and fry until crisp; drain from the fat and place the slices where they will keep warm; pour off most of the fat from the frying pan and stir in, while hot, a tablespoonful of flour—a little more may be added if the gravy be liked thick—and half a pint of new milk; season with pepper and salt if not salt enough; boil up and serve with the crisped pork.

CUT FLOWERS.—Insert the stems of cut flowers in water in which twenty-five grains of sal-ammoniac to the quart have been dissolved, and they may be preserved from two to three weeks during the winter.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Three pints flour, butter size of egg, heaping teaspoon salt, three heaping teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, water sufficient for a soft dough, roll three-eighths of an inch thick. Pare and core in halves any number of good apples, cut dough in small pieces, wrap the apples in it and boil in water 30 minutes. Serve with sweetened cream or good milk.—*J. S. G. in Housekeeper.*

JELLY-CAKE FRITTERS.—Cut a stale sponge or very plain cake into rounds with a cake-cutter; fry to a nice brown in sweet lard; dip each round in boiling milk, to soften it and get rid of the grease; lay upon a hot dish and spread with sweet jelly or jam; pile neatly one upon another. Serve with hot sweetened cream.

A MODERN BLUE LAW.—Stealing less than a thousand dollars shall be considered theft, punished by hard labor in State prison; stealing one hundred thousand dollars shall be deemed an irregularity and the irregular shall be punished by having a carpeted cell, private table and a prospective pardon in an "institution."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

A TRAVELER BROILS HIS BACK OVER A SLOW FIRE, AND DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCE.

The St. Petersburg *Zeitung* publishes the following account of a suicide recently committed in the town of Jhitomir, under exceptionally appalling circumstances: A few days ago a well-dressed traveler arrived at the Hotel de France of that city, stating that he was Mr. Joseph O., a colonial agent, and that he wished to stay a short time in Jhitomir upon business. A room on the second floor of the hotel was assigned to him, and he spent two or three days in walking about the streets, although the weather was unusually wet and stormy. On the fourth evening he retired to his room early and locked himself in. Next morning he was called at his usual hour, but returned no answer to the summons. After a good deal of futile knocking and shouting, the hotel proprietor became alarmed at his tenant's protracted silence and caused the door of the room to be broken open. A terrible spectacle presented itself to the assembled household. Mr. O.'s body was lying on the bare bedstead, from which the mattress and bed-clothes had been removed; one of the sheets partly covered the legs of the corpse, which was otherwise in a state of nudity, his left hand pressed tightly upon the region of the heart, and his right hand convulsively clutching the hair. The eyes were wide open, fixed in a glassy death stare, and features distorted with agony. An oppressive odor, as of scorched fat, pervaded the room. No wound was perceptible upon the body, but the chest was transversely barred in several places by dull red stripes. As soon as the police, accompanied by the local medical officer, had made its appearance on the scene of this horrible tragedy, the corpse was turned over upon its face, when the cause of death became for the first time apparent to the terror-stricken spectators.

A deep and broad burn was exhibited in the middle of the back, and the spine was found to be completely carbonized. Upon the floor, underneath the bedstead, were discovered the wicks, imbedded in a little blotch of cold stearine, of three candles, which had been taken out of the candlesticks and fixed upon the planking upon a layer of melted grease. Over the flame of the candles Mr. O. had lain upon the skeleton frame-work of his bedstead and suffered his spine to be slowly consumed until he died. A manuscript, placed upon a table close to the bed, contained not only a resume of the reasons which prompted this unfortunate man to undergo self-inflicted martyrdom, but minute details of the torturing process by which he had chosen to destroy his life. It was written in four languages—German, Russian, Polish and Czechish—and commenced in a firm, bold handwriting, the last few pages, however, being scarcely legible, having evidently been penned in dire agony. The first paragraph, in German, ran as follows: "I thought it would cease, but it ceases not! So be it, then. Hereby I propose to solve an important question, namely, are suicides in their right senses, or are they the victims of mental aberration? Thus the question is commonly put; but I fancy that it does not touch the real point at issue. A man makes up his mind to put an end to his life when he finds that he takes no interest in it; when he cannot discover in the whole wide world the least thing which awakens sympathy in his breast. The question, therefore, is not whether the suicide be mad or sane, but whether or not he have anything to hope for from life. I hope for nothing in life; but my intellect is perfectly clear. (In Russian.) There is still another question to solve. (In German.) Are suicides cowards? That lover who allowed himself to be dragged to death by a horse before the eyes of his betrothed affords no proof to the contrary. Perhaps he would have cast himself loose from the cords that bound him had it been in his power to do so. That other fellow, who burned himself to death in Odessa, was probably no coward, for he might have thrown away the petroleum lamp and thus saved his life. Yet his clothes were already on fire, and the straw he was lying upon was smouldering; still he may have wished to escape death had it been feasible. Now a burning candle, to the flame of which the backbone and spinal marrow are exposed, must certainly make an end of life; that cast of death must be attended with atrocious sufferings; and the person inflicting such agony upon himself, having no power to contend with but his own proper will and pleasure, can at any moment interrupt the process by the slightest movement of his body. I will submit myself to this torture. (In Russian.) Should I not succeed in enduring the pain, the question will be settled, at least for the present, in the sense that suicides are cowards. But if my corpse be found, exhibiting proof that I have obtained death by two agencies—by burning candles, as ministering factors, and by my dominant will, which has not blenched before excruciating torments—that will be proof positive that men may die of their own free choice. Let me begin! Here the writing became irregular, and progressively more and more illegible. "I arise from my fiery couch amid hideous sufferings, but still not so terrible as I had anticipated and feared. I arise, but not to save myself. No! life is as obnoxious to me as ever. But I must send you, (in Czechish) my mother, my father, a last farewell; my last remembrance; my last sentiments are dedicated to you! I think also of those who are the unwitting cause of this my dreadful death. Unwitting—for they knew not that their love was indispensable to my life. I die without their affection, like a fish without water, like a creature of God without air. My breath fails me. Farewell! You will follow me soon. Consideration of your feelings—you, who alone love me—has prevented me

for a long while from thus putting an end to myself. I cannot do otherwise. It is so easy to follow the dead. But it would be better were you to forget me. Think not of me! I am dying—the experiment will succeed—the worst pains are past. I do not suffer so much now. Pain has at length become my friend. (In German.) I repeat it—I am in the full possession of my faculties—my heart beats as steadily as usual, but my pulse seems to me a little deranged. Poor Werther! the stargemmed skies still interested him! I also have gazed at it—it is a desert there above, like here beneath, like everywhere; aye, as in my heart and everywhere else! (In Polish.) I return to my strange, silently burning bed. I must put something under the candles to raise them up a little. Only one thing annoys me, that one cannot die nobly and pleasantly; the evil smell of my own consuming body offends my nostrils. (In Czechish.) Mother! father! forgive me! (In German.) Perhaps I should also set down that I forgive the being who has caused my death. But that would be a lie. I curse her; and if spirits have the power to return in ghostly terrors, oh! I will do so, and leave her no single moment's peace. It would have been so easy for her to make me happy, or at least contented. If I could remain alive my life should be vowed exclusively to vengeance on her. But I am going to my rest. Be she accursed with my last breath!" Such were the last words scrawled on this extraordinary document by an obviously dying hand.

THE FRUITS OF RADICAL LIES.—On Thursday evening of last week, at about 8 o'clock, as Dr. Geo. L. Kirby, a leading physician of this town, was going from his office to his residence, he heard cries of distress and calls for assistance, proceeding from the large two-story house owned by Bryant Capps, colored, and used by him as a sort of a hotel for the accommodation of colored people. Hurrying into the room he found a mulatto woman, named Maria Creasey, hailing from Boston, Mass., with an enormous gash in her throat, and literally bathed in blood, which was still flowing profusely from the wound which had nearly severed the jugular vein. Hastily applying pressure to stop the blood, he sent for the necessary appliances, and, with the assistance of Dr. W. H. Moore, soon had the bleeding entirely stopped, notwithstanding the resistance of the woman, who insisted on tearing open the wound, to prevent which it became necessary to tie her hands behind her, and the physicians now express the opinion that without further violence on her part she will recover.

The strangest part of this attempted suicide is yet to be told. It seems she is a resident of Boston, Mass., but her mother is living at Smithfield, Johnston county, in this State, and that she had started on a visit there, being accompanied by her daughter, a child about 14 years old. There is every reason to believe that her mind was affected; doubtless impressed with the lies which are scattered wholesale throughout the North, of violence and murder in the South, and by the time she reached Goldsboro, fear had completely banished reason, and fearing that herself and child were to be murdered separately, tried first to kill the girl with a broken lamp and then cut her throat with the pieces of sharp glass. No other explanation can be found for her attempt at self-destruction. The injuries to her girl are not serious.

Marshall Avera, the brother-in-law of Maria, who is an industrious blacksmith at Smithfield, arrived here Friday evening, and carried both the mother and girl to Smithfield Saturday morning. On his arrival here he found Maria exceedingly nervous, and laboring under considerable aberration of mind, but he finally succeeded in calming her nerves, and convincing her that she and the child were perfectly safe, and that no harm was meant them; that the colored people are as safe here, if not more so than they can possibly be in Massachusetts, and that all she had heard and read about the "burning, whipping and killing of negroes by the Southern whites," were lies manufactured to order for political purposes.

Maria, after regaining her self-possession, seemed to remember all that had occurred. She says it appeared to her that the ku-klux had completely surrounded her and the girl, and were trying to kill both; that she first looked for her scissors, with which she intended to sever the jugular vein, but could not find them, and that then she attempted to end her own existence by means of the broken glass. Maria is the daughter of Angelina Ennis, living at Smithfield, but has spent most of her life in Boston.—*Goldsboro (N. C.) Messenger, 6th.*

TAMMANY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—We had hoped that the wrangling for office and the dissension in the Democracy of this State would be confined to Charleston, where personal ambition, backed by partisanship, has hopelessly divided the white Democrats, so that the city is sure to be remanded back to Radical rule, or, what is worse, renegade Democrats supported by the worst class of Radicals. If the people were wise they would support no man who pushed himself upon their suffrages; and no patriotic citizen will press his personal claims to office when he sees in his action evil to the State. Now we hear a voice from Abbeville, which, if copied from the manifesto of John Kelley, would not have sounded more like the rule and ruin policy of Tammany in New York. The Abbeville *Press and Banner*, generally conservative and sensible, as well as able, declares beforehand that the Abbeville Democracy will not support General Hagood for Governor because of his action, as a member of the Equalization Board, in raising the assessment for taxes in that county.—*Marion Merchant and Farmer.*

FALL FOLLOWING.—The old practice of summer fallowing, or working the soil one year without a crop, for the purpose of gaining a double crop the second season, is very properly obsolete. While some may question the propriety of this opinion, there can be no doubt as to the value of fall following. The constant turning and working of the ground during the fall months cost nothing but time and labor, at a season when these can not be otherwise employed, and so, in reality, costs nothing. But the benefits to the soil are very considerable. Especially is this the case with heavy clay soils, and less, in a descending ratio, through the gradations from heavy clay down to light loams—at least it is so considered by many; and it is reasonable to suppose that if the atmospheric effects upon the particles of a clay soil serve, to some extent, to dissolve the mineral particles, they may easily do the same service for a sandy soil and help to set loose some of the potash contained in the granitic or feldspathic particles of such a soil. The mechanical effects of the fall working are certainly more useful upon clay than a light loam; but there are other purposes to serve than merely to disintegrate the soil, and mellow and loosen it. There are weeds to destroy, and the forwarding of the spring work by the preparation of the ground for early sowing. These services are as useful for a light soil as a heavy one, and as it is reasonable to look for some advantage from the working in the way of gain in fertility on light as well as heavy soils, it is advisable that owners of either kind should avail themselves of whatever benefits the practice affords. Fall following consists in plowing and working the soil with the cultivator or the harrow. This may be done at such intervals as may be convenient, or which will help to start some weeds into growth, when these may be destroyed by the harrow or cultivator. Heavy soils should be left in rough ridges at the last plowing, with as deep furrows between them as possible, in order to expose the largest surface to the effects of frost and thaw. Light soils may be left in a less rough condition, but the last plowing should be so done as to throw the furrows on edge, and not flat, leaving the field somewhat ridged. A very little work in the spring will put the ground into excellent order for the early crops, and for spring wheat, especially, this better condition of the soil will be of the greatest benefit. When thus treated in the fall, the soil is remarkably mellow, and is dry enough to work much earlier than the compact stubble land which remains as it was left after the harvest. As to the time for doing this work, the sooner it is begun, and the oftener it is repeated, the better. It is not too late to finish when the ground is frozen, or there is an inch of snow on the ground.—*American Agriculturist.*

PRACTICAL SELF-ACTING DOG LAW.—"They having not the law, are a law unto themselves."—Romans, ii, chapter, 14th verse.

The combined wisdom of the legislature having repealed the "dog law," and not having given us a "better one," the above text is peculiarly applicable to the sheep raisers of Tennessee. The merits of the law recently repealed will not be discussed, but as the sheep owners have to be a law unto themselves, the following is suggested, and if enforced will be found to work well and effectively.

Be it resolved by the sheep-owners of Tennessee, that each and every one of them keep on hand a double-barrelled gun well charged with buck shot, which will be found a "very present help in trouble."

Be it resolved, That each and every dog found upon the lands of such persons, unaccompanied by its master, be treated to the contents of said gun.

Be it further resolved, That in addition to said gun, said farmers keep also on hand a bottle of strychnine, to be sprinkled on any sheep that may be killed on the place. To provide for the weak and timid dogs that may congregate, it is best to cut the carcass into pieces of suitable size, and having put in each piece some of the contents of the bottle, scatter them around eight or ten feet so that all that may come can be accommodated.

Let all adopt this law and practice it, and it will protect the sheep and materially lessen the pets of the legislature.

To keep down disputes and fusses, never talk about killing or having killed dogs, and all will be well. It is not the killing, but the talk that causes trouble. "Let not your right hand know what your left doeth."—*Rural Sun.*

A MAN WHO LOST HIS COUPONS.—A party in Illinois recently applied to the Secretary of the Treasury for the redemption of five coupons of United States bonds representing several thousand dollars. The applicant alleged that for safe-keeping he had placed the coupons in a tin box and deposited them in a stove pipe, but subsequently a fire was built in the stove and the coupons destroyed. The ashes, however, were retained in the box and were presented with the application for redemption. The matter was referred to First Comptroller Porter for his decision. A scientific examination satisfactorily proved that the contents of the box were the remains of coupons, as alleged. The decision in the case, which has just been given, is quite important, from the fact that it holds that the statute authorizing the redemption of called bonds, where clear and unequivocal evidence has been furnished that they have been destroyed, does not apply to coupons, which at the time of the alleged destruction thereof have been detached from the bonds. The coupons in question, having been detached from the bonds, cannot therefore be redeemed.—*Washington Special to Philadelphia Times.*

THE VALUE OF MUCK.—For a soil deficient in vegetable matter muck is valuable, as it gives increased warmth of soil and capacity to withstand drouth.

Muck is of great value in composting, as it doubles the manure without much diminution of its value.

Muck furnishes some nitrogen, a most valuable manurial agent.

Muck is a valuable deodorizer and will preserve the manurial matter derived from night soil, dead animals, etc.

Muck is valuable because of its power to retain and absorb ammonia.

Clay lands are improved by muck; light lands are improved by muck. It renders clay lands friable and open; it improves sandy soils by moistening them and preventing excessive drying of the soil. It absorbs and retains manurial matter.

The proper way to handle muck is to compost it; haul it into your barnyard and spread it on your fields with your manure.

There are "millions" in muck when it is handled as an absorbent or a deodorizer, and as a compost. Muck is ripened by exposure to the air.—*Ec.*

GENTRY VS. TRAMPS.—A recent trip of the steamer City of Chester, of the Inman line, from New York to Liverpool, was enlivened by the wit of a Washington girl who was the favorite passenger. In the same steamer was a young English snob, who wore a suit of clothes of very large plaid, with a fatigue cap to match, a single eyeglass, thick-soled boots, spotted shirts and loud neck-tie. He had that exasperating drawl peculiar to English snobs. "Aw, yaas," said he, in conversation with the Washington girl, "I have seen considerable of your country. I have been to New York, Chicago, Omaha and other places, and it is a gawty country, but you don't seem to have any gentry in America." "What do you call gentry?" asked the lady. "Aw, why people, you know, who don't have to do anything, you know; people who live without work." "O, yes, we have such people," answered the lady, "but we don't call them gentry." "Aw, then, what do you call them, pway?" "We call them tramps." "Aw!"—*Washington Republican.*

NEATNESS IN WOMEN.—A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.—*Exchange.*

A BOY CAUGHT IN A MAN-TRAP.—Philadelphia, October 6.—An explosion today in the law office of Robert Parish, by which a lad named Wm. McDowell was severely injured, proves to be the work of a trap contrived in Parish's desk with parlor matches, sand paper and two horse pistols. The boy had several of his fingers torn off, and it was found necessary to amputate his hand, causing a shock to his nervous system from which he will probably die. It is presumed that McDowell climbed on the desk to open the window shutters and the pressure caused the explosion. The powder and matches were so arranged in the drawer that any jolting of the desk would cause an explosion, and it is supposed that Parish had taken this plan of protection against robbery. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

BOYS FOOLING WITH THE SEA SERPENT.—The news comes from Newport that a few days since a couple of boys attached an old tin kettle to what they supposed to be a piece of rope lying on the beach. Immediately that piece of damaged tinware slid out to sea and began to lash the waves at a furious rate, scooping up water now and then and throwing it high into the air, like a miniature waterspout. About half a mile ahead of the kettle was a dark object the size of a hoghead. The boys had affixed the abandoned culinary utensil to the tail of the sea serpent. That was all.—*Boston Globe.*

An honest, loyal, shrewd and witty but slightly profane old Democrat, in a town not twenty miles away, recently put to a friend the following startling but expressive conundrum and comment: "Will you tell me what in — a Butler Democrat is? I should as soon think of speaking of as he tom-cat."—*Boston Post.*

Alide sends us a poem, "Why Art Thou Sad?" Now, Alide, we will be honest with you. The reason we are sad is because our back suspenders button has busted, and we're afraid the other one won't hold till we get home.—*Marathon Independent.*

"They are trying a lot of Pinafore" singers in there," said Smith to Jones, as they passed a building whence floated strains of "A Maiden Fair to See," etc. "Glad of it," returned the misanthropical Jones; "hope they'll give 'em sixty days and costs."

"How many deaths last night?" inquired a hospital physician of a nurse. "Nine," was the answer. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."